

*The Sea of Galilee
Mission
OF THE
Free Church OF
Scotland.*



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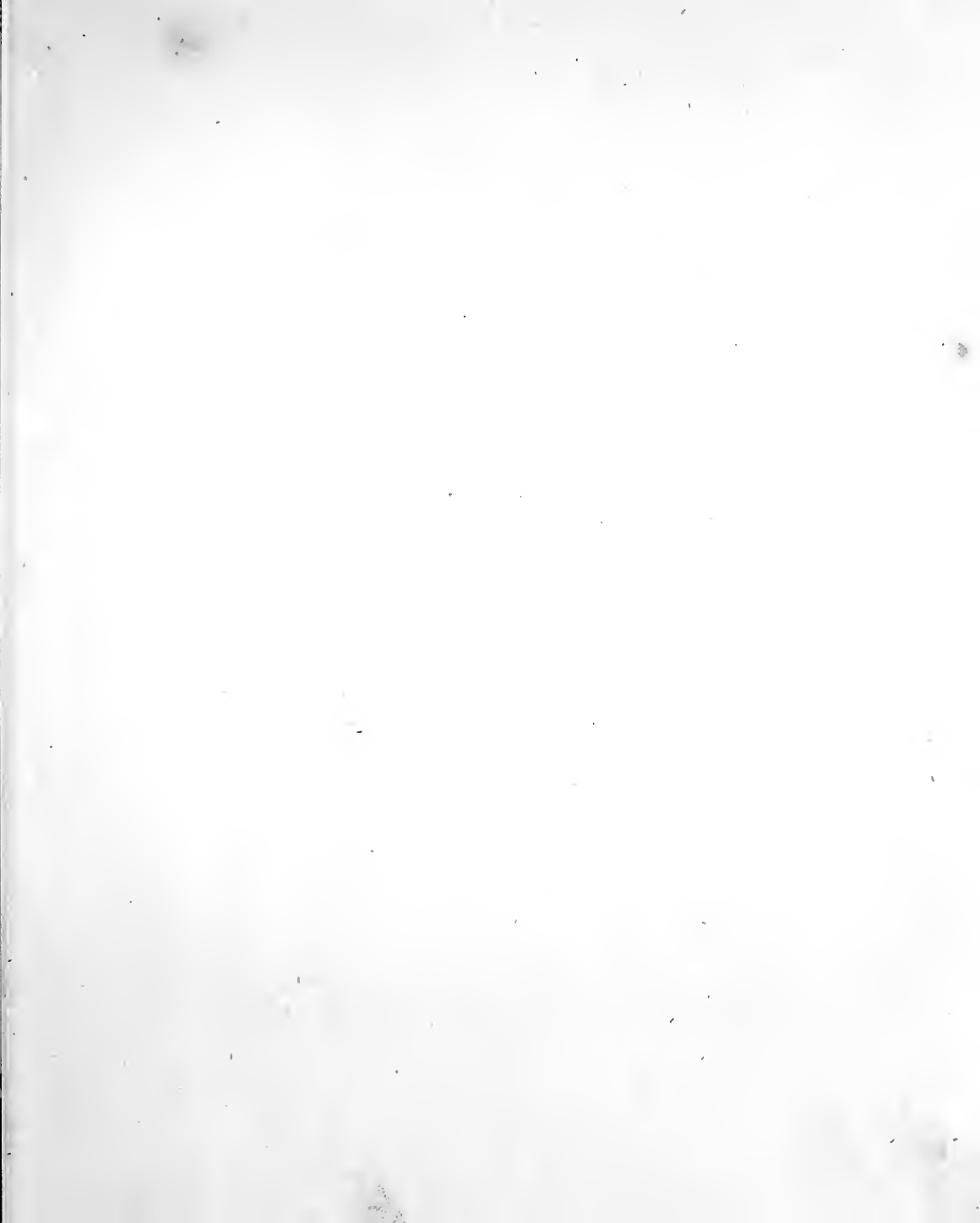
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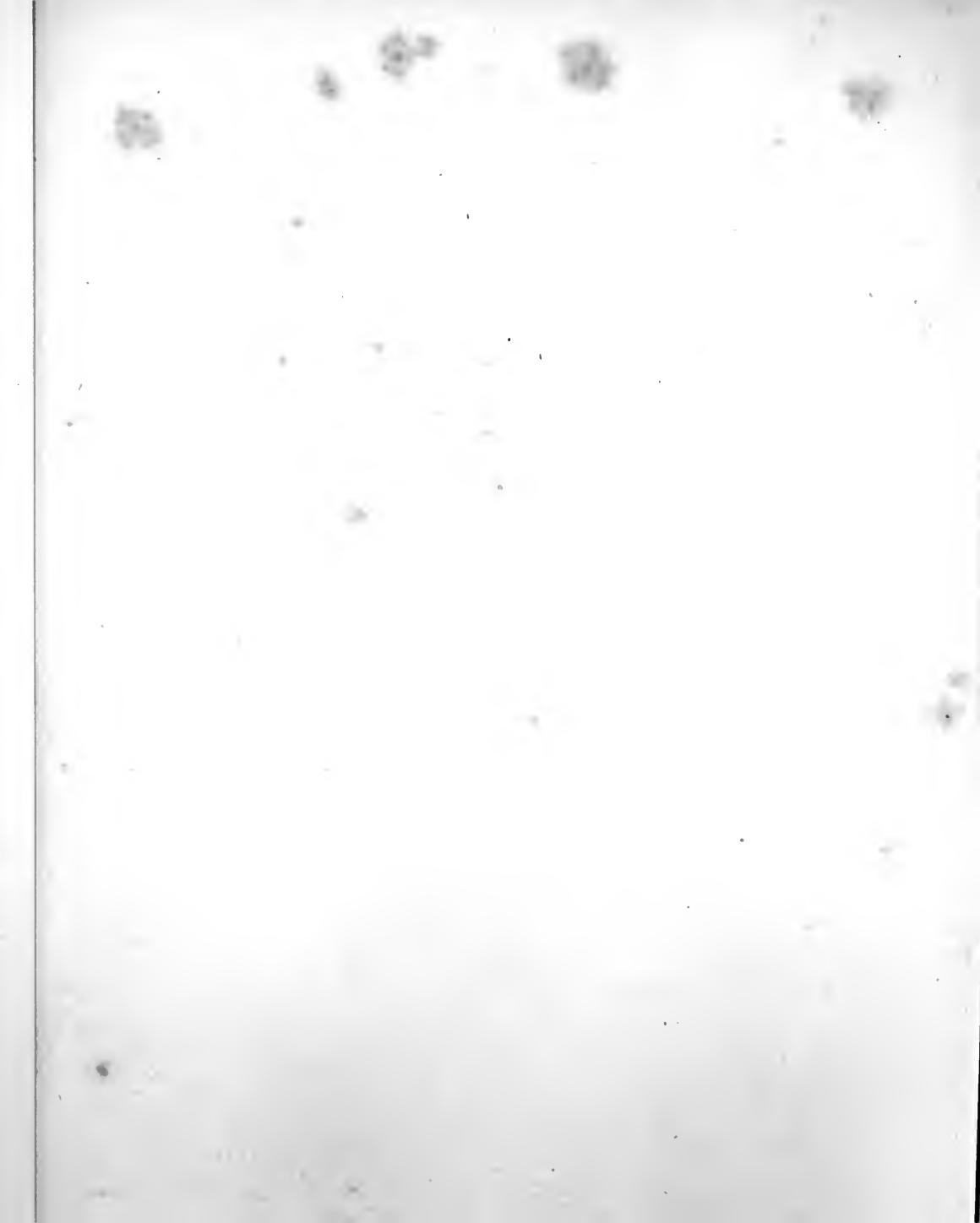
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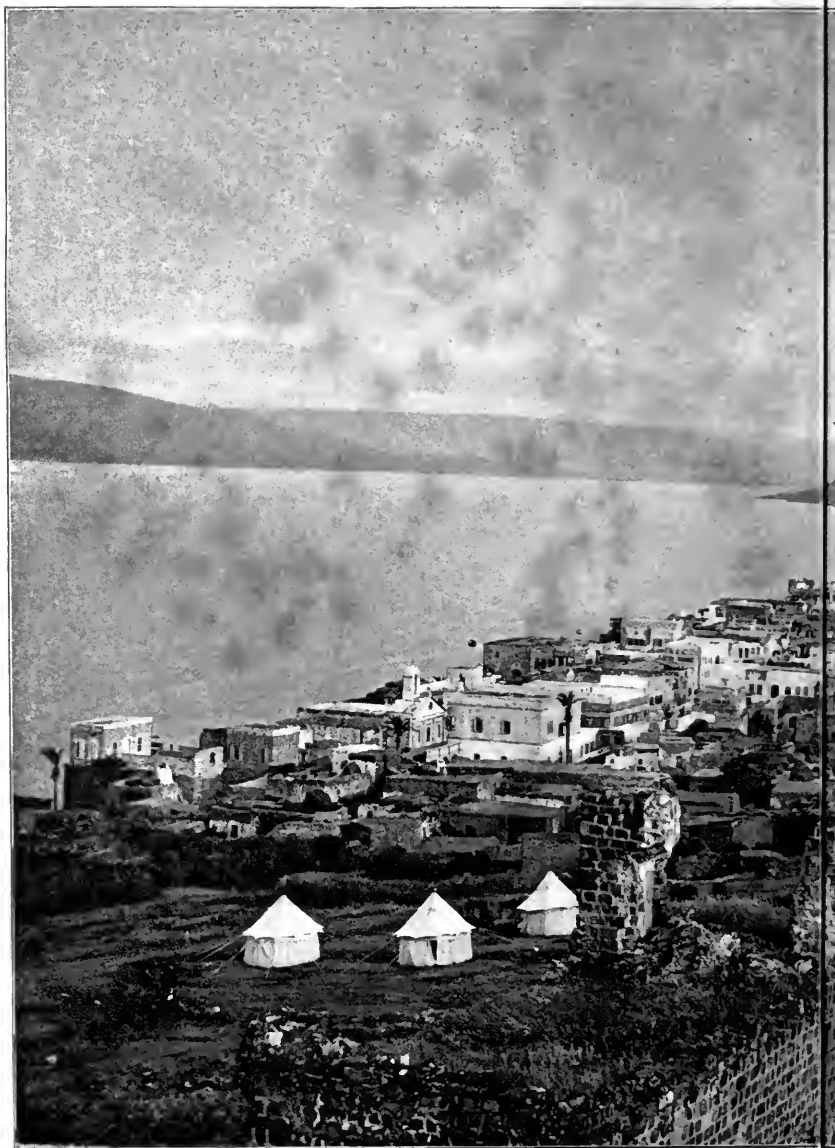




THE SEA OF GALILEE MISSION.









The
Sea of Galilee Mission
of

The Free Church of Scotland

Published for the Jewish Committee of the Free Church of Scotland

T. NELSON AND SONS

Edinburgh and London

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P R E F A C E.

WE have been requested by our Jewish Committee to collect such information as is often asked for by friends of Israel who wish to aid our mission hospital at Tiberias. At the same time we have briefly indicated the other agencies of the Mission. The pictorial illustrations of the mission buildings, the patients, the work of the hospital, and the *Clyde*, are from photographs taken by Rev. J. Soutar, and Drs. Torrance and George Wilson.

JAMES H. WILSON.

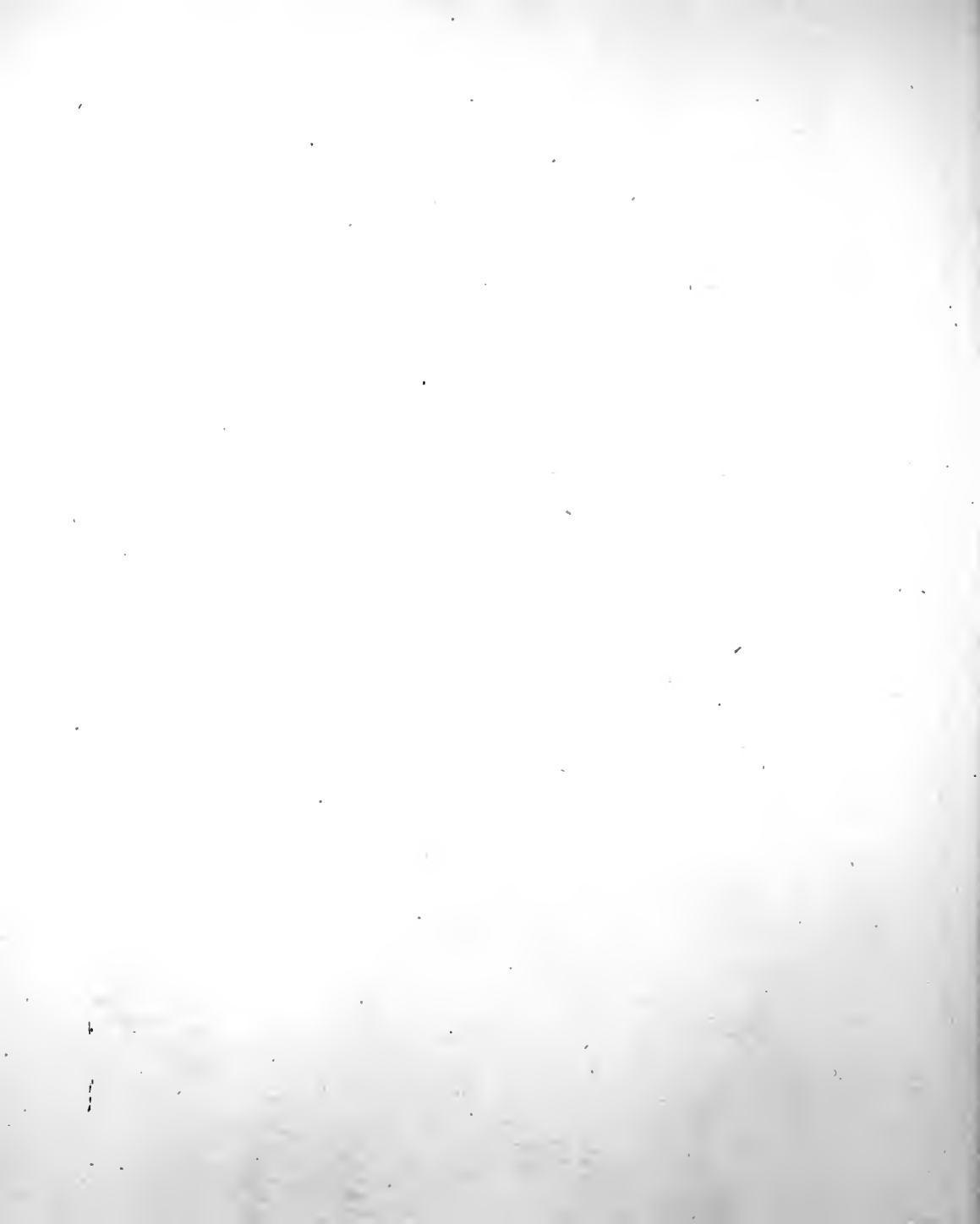
JAMES WELLS.

NOVEMBER, 1895.



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THE SEA OF GALILEE MISSION.

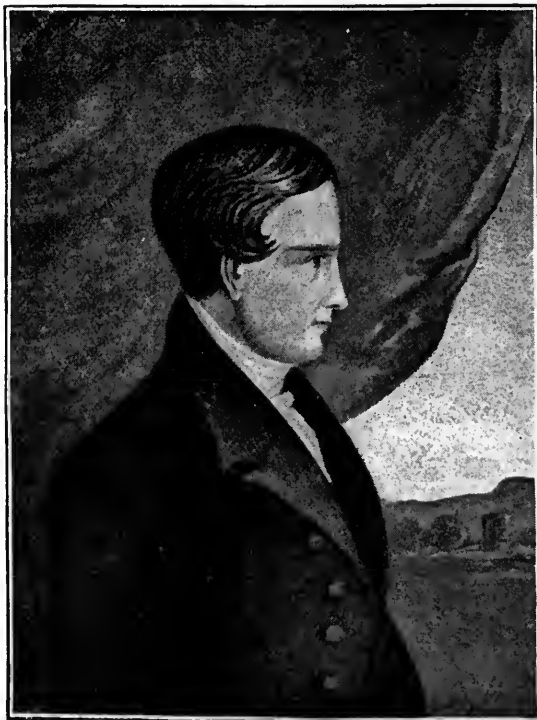
I.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

BY A. MOODY STUART, D.D.

PALESTINE was chosen as the first sphere of the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Jews; and although its occupation was long deferred, it has now become not the least hopeful of our missionary stations. A year or two after the Mission to the Jews had been sanctioned by the General Assembly, no step had been taken for its working till the deputation to Palestine was appointed with a view to future action. But in the event, our first mission was not in the Holy Land but in Budapest, which the deputies visited on their return; and there the God of Israel blessed our efforts with precious and ample first-fruits, which filled us with gratitude and hope.

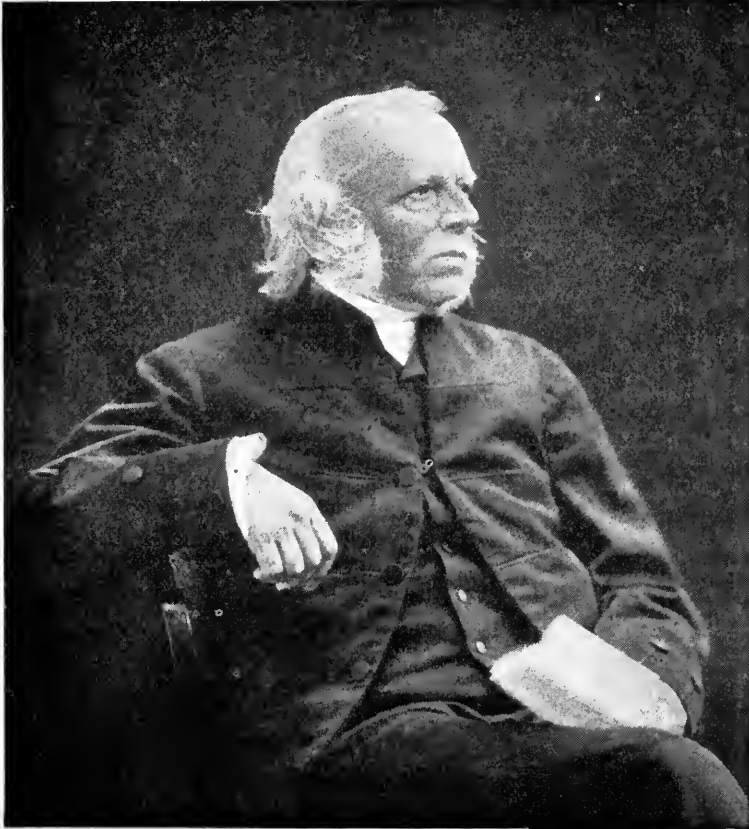
The deputation to Palestine owed its origin to the health of Robert M'Cheyne having been weakened by overworking in the Lord's vineyard. When his friends were



ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

considering what might be best for his restoration, Dr. Candlish, always fertile in Christian expedients, stopped me one day in the street with the suggestion, "What would

you think of sending M'Cheyne to Palestine?" With my cordial concurrence, he followed it up with his own ceaseless



DR. ANDREW A. BONAR.

energy, till the memorable deputation was sent forth, with Andrew Bonar (M'Cheyne's special friend) and the venerable

Dr. Keith and Dr. Black. Many still remember M'Cheyne's lines :—

“How pleasant to me is thy deep blue wave,
Thou Sea of Galilee !”

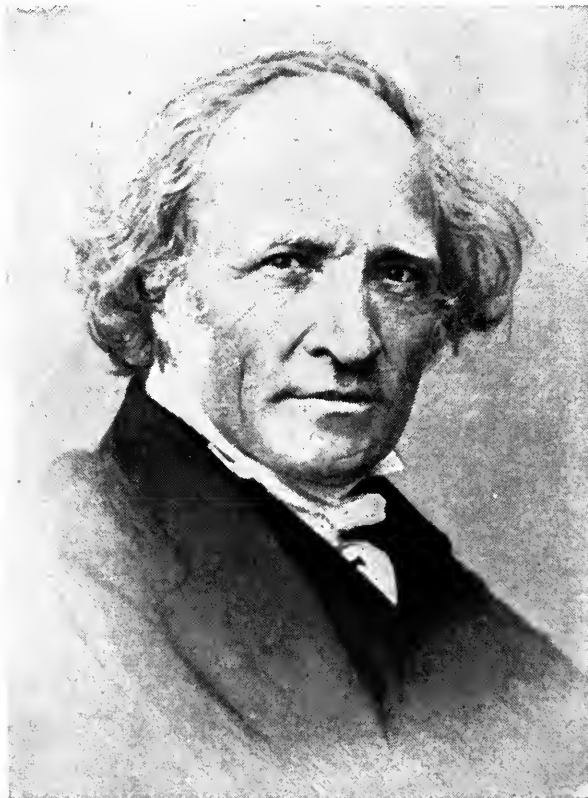
For many years subsequent to the deputation, Palestine lay still unoccupied by us ; and a devout and honourable lady, Mrs. Smith of Dunesk, sister to the Earl of Buchan, and a daughter of the famous Henry Erskine, left £500 for a mission to the Jews in their own land. To her belonged the distinction of having laid the first stone in the Church of Scotland's Mission to Israel. Her love for them was intense ; that “salvation is of the Jews” was with her a firmly-cherished text ; and she grieved that the churches were so slow in seeking “the lost sheep of the house of Israel.” A year or two before their cause was taken up by the church, she placed £100 in my hands, and said, “Put that into the bank for the Church of Scotland's Mission for the Conversion of the Jews.” I hesitated to take charge of the generous gift, because not only was there no such mission, but the subject had never been mooted in the Assembly. She replied, “Let it remain in the bank till the church takes it up.” When I took it to the bank, the banker at first declined to receive it, because they could not open an account for a mission that had no

present or prospective existence. But, after talking it over, he took it, with the words, "Very well; we never refuse money." However, the tide of evangelical life and of zeal for the salvation of the lost was then rising rapidly amongst us, and in less time than I could have conceived possible the General Assembly founded its Mission for the Conversion of Israel.

Most sadly, for one generation after another, through long ages, has the chosen race of Israel been despised, oppressed, and persecuted by the Gentile world. The first Convener of our Jewish Committee, the venerable Dr. Keith, told me that a friend, when kindly speaking of him to another, added the qualifying exception, "But he has a strange notion; he believes in the conversion of the Jews." In our own day, "Shall I give water to the murderer of my Lord?" was the scornful repulse by a Dutch Boer to one of the sons of Jacob who humbly begged a cup of water to quench his thirst under the extreme heat of a scorching summer, which had dried up all the wayside springs. "Go away, dog," he replied; "shall I give water to the murderer of my Lord?"

For eighteen centuries this denial of a cup of cold water to the Jew has been and still is the too frequent response of many who profess themselves followers of Him who said, "Give me to drink," as he sat wearied and thirsty by Jacob's

Well, and who has opened the fountain of life freely to us and to all who thirst for its waters. For His murderers He prayed,



DR. ALEXANDER KEITH,
The First Convener of the Jewish Committee.

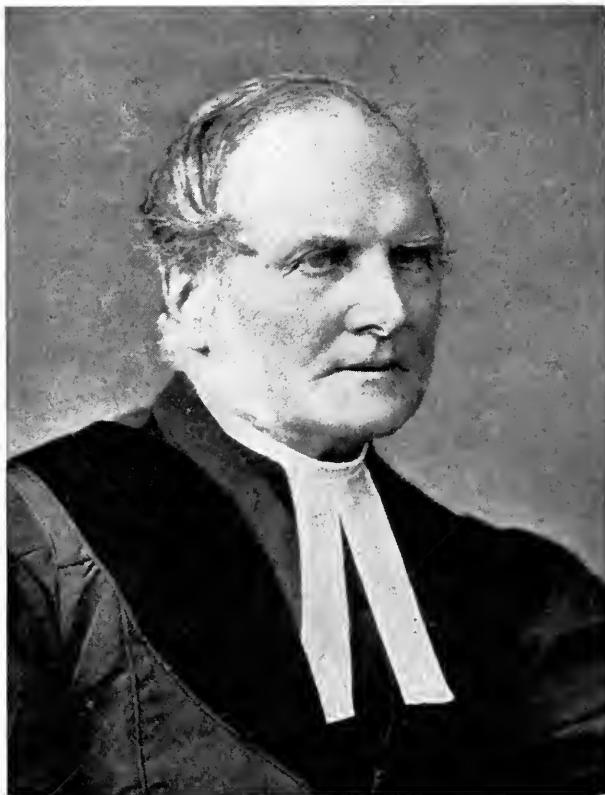
“Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.”
Let us hasten to use our high privilege of carrying to their

children this free gift of the living waters, that along with us they may drink and live.

“Let him sink; he is only a Jew,” was the voice of the careless onlookers at Cracow some years ago as they stood on the banks of their river, into which a young man had fallen, and witnessed his dying struggles to regain the shore. From the banks of the Vistula there soon rose a second and heartier shout. “It’s all up with him,” they now cried in a tone of triumph; “he is sinking,” when another young man broke through the crowd, who tried to hold him back, and plunging into the river brought the drowning Jew to the shore, unconscious but saved. The jeers of the bystanders for saving the life of a Jew were the only salutations that greeted the brave and noble deed; but these suddenly ceased when the scene was reversed, and they learned that the drowning man was a Christian and his brave rescuer a Jew!

The world’s history is hastening to its crisis, and the day may not be far distant when “the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men.” Meanwhile let us all be moved with pity for our neglected brother, as we stand ourselves saved upon the shore and see him beating for life against the stream.

Let us hasten to his rescue, saying to each other, "Let him *not* sink, *for* he is a Jew," of the seed of Abraham and of the



DR. A. MOODY STUART,

Who was Convener or Joint-Convener of the Jewish Committee from 1847 to 1889, except during an interval of three years.

kinsmen of our Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save "the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Who can tell but that many now living may yet witness that event of world-wide magnitude—the repentance of the Jews unto life in the day of their visitation, when “all Israel shall be saved”? Although they have made their heart like an adamant stone, the promise remains sure that their heart of stone shall be taken away, and a new heart shall be given unto them and a new spirit, when the spirit of grace and of supplications shall be poured upon them, and they shall look on Him whom they have pierced. As Joseph made himself known to his brethren when he said, “I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt,” and as Christ revealed Himself to Saul of Tarsus, saying, “I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest,” so, in the day of their calling, the Lord will say unto Israel, “I will declare thy name unto my brethren.” Day by day even now He is saying, “Since I spake against Ephraim, I do earnestly remember him still; I will surely have mercy upon him.” And the day is fast hastening on when He “will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth.” In that day the Lord “will pardon all their iniquities whereby they have sinned against Him;” and it shall be unto Him a name of joy, a praise, and an honour before all the nations of the earth.

II

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY THE REV. R. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

[THE following hymn was written by Mr. M'Cheyne at the Sea of Galilee on July 16, 1839, when on the Mission of Inquiry to the Jews. Of the day on which that hymn was written, Dr. Andrew Bonar says: "The day we spent at the lake—at the very water-side—was ever memorable; it was so peculiarly sweet! We felt an indescribable interest even in lifting a shell from the shore of a sea where Jesus had so often walked. It was here that two of the beautiful hymns in the 'Songs of Zion' were suggested to him—the one was 'How pleasant to me,' etc.; the other was 'To yonder side.'"]

"How pleasant to me is thy deep blue wave,
Thou Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

“Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow ;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What Nature can bestow.

“It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

“It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon’s fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

“Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea ;
But ah ! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o’er thee.

“These days are past—Bethsaida, where ?
Chorazin, where art thou ?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

“Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour’s city here ?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear ?

“Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn -
How days of grace will flee ;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last, like thee.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

“ And was it beside this very sea,
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, ‘ Lovest thou Me?
My lambs and sheep, then, feed ’ ?

“ O Saviour ! gone to God’s right hand !
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand
And every fragrant hill.

“ Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.”

III.

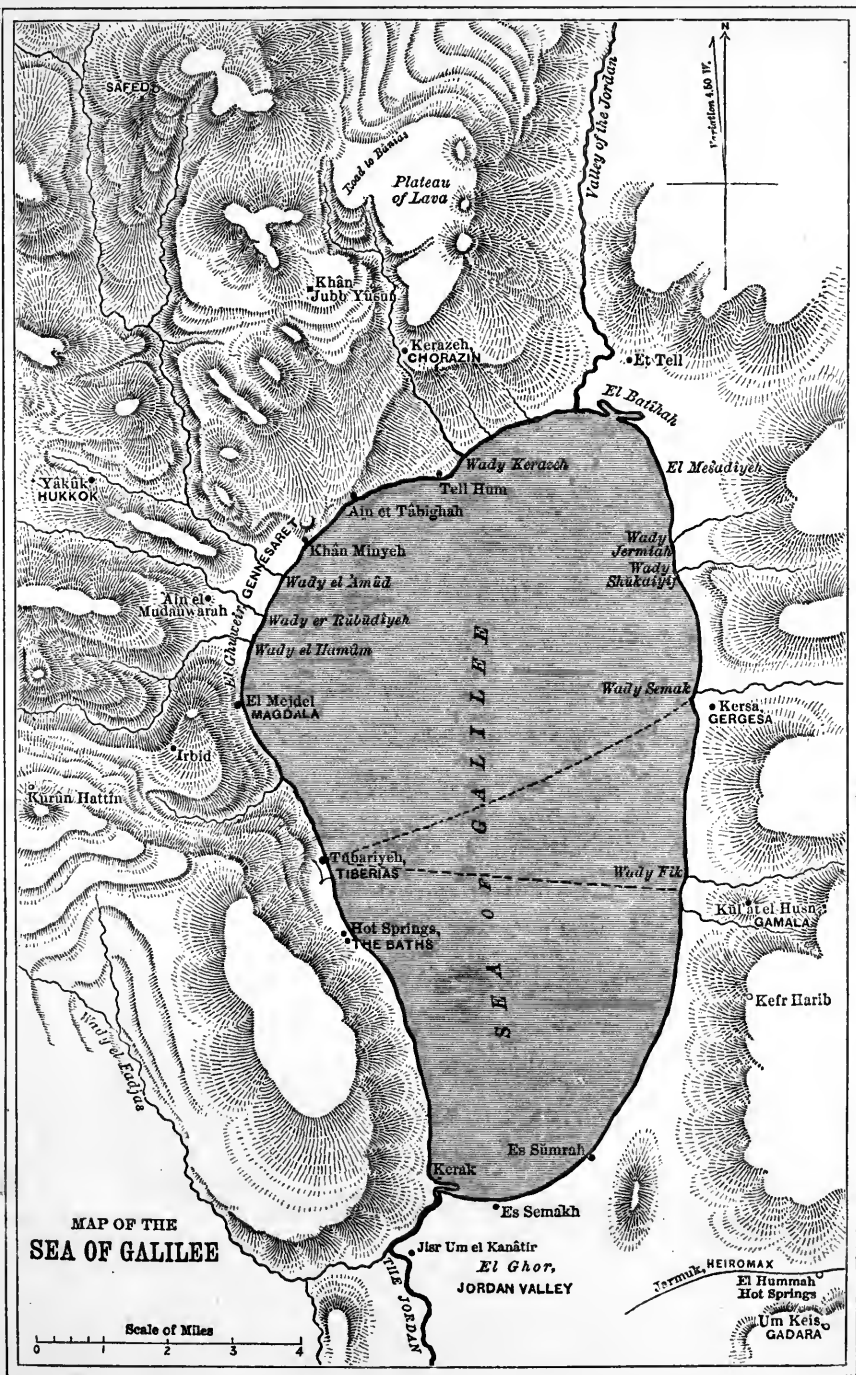
THE REVIVAL OF THE ORIGINAL PROPOSAL IN 1883.

BY J. H. WILSON, D.D.

IN the early part of 1883, while I was paying a lengthened visit to the East with a party of friends, I was requested by the Jewish Committee of the Free Church to keep in mind the long-cherished desire of the church to do something for Israel in their own land, and to have an eye to any opening that might seem to present itself for carrying that wish into effect. During the six weeks of our stay in the country, this was never lost sight of. Our inquiries at Jerusalem convinced us that the field there was fully occupied. Indeed, it almost seemed as if Christian agencies of many kinds were standing in each other's way. We found Bethlehem a Christian village. At Hebron, in the south, Moslem bigotry was so intense that for the time being the door there seemed closed; though since then things have assumed a more hopeful

aspect, and now, through the Mildmay Pennefather Memorial Mission, under Dr. Alexander Paterson of Edinburgh as medical missionary, and the Mildmay deaconesses, an entrance has been fairly gained. As we went north we learned that at Nazareth there were no Jews. We were told that there had been one, but he had left. There the Church of England had taken a firm hold; and Dr. Vartan, the esteemed representative of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, was carrying on his important work. The only places where Jews were to be found in any large numbers were the two sacred cities of Tiberias, beside the Sea of Galilee, and Safed, the traditional "city set on a hill," the former being said to contain 5,000 Jews, and the latter about 15,000. There was no Protestant mission of any kind in Tiberias. Two Latin monks visited us at our tents on the shore of the lake, seeking help for their work. These, and those of the Greek Church, were the only representatives of Christianity among the Jews and Moslems. I find the following entry in my journal: "They [the monks] have a school at Tiberias, which young Jews and Mohammedans take advantage of, to the number of forty or so."

We were unable to visit Safed; but when at a later period we reached Damascus, where the Irish Presbyterian



Church has had a mission for many years, we met with friends who knew the northern part of Palestine well, and gave us particular information in regard to Safed—the large number of Jews there, their spiritual needs, and the fact that no Christian work was then being done among them. We were assured that the field was open, and were urged to enter in and occupy it. It seemed as if this were the place where our Palestine Mission to Israel should be located; and on our return to Scotland we reported to the committee the information we had received, and the recommendation that had been given to us as regarded beginning mission operations at Safed.

Dr. Wells will take up the story at this point, and tell of his being sent by the Jewish Committee to Palestine along with Dr. Torrance, the then missionary-elect, to survey the field afresh and make all requisite inquiries before any practical step should be taken. That inquiry resulted in departing from the proposal to begin work at Safed, and resolving to make Tiberias the centre of operations. The entrance that has been got there, as will be seen from what follows, has been most encouraging, and after the lapse of centuries there is again on the shores of the Sea of Galilee the bright shining of a pure gospel light. It has been found

necessary to occupy Safed as a second mission station. And now it is for our people to bear this interesting mission on their hearts, and in the exercise of faith and patience and expectation to wait for the fulfilment of the desires and hopes of our church for the salvation of Israel in their ancient land.

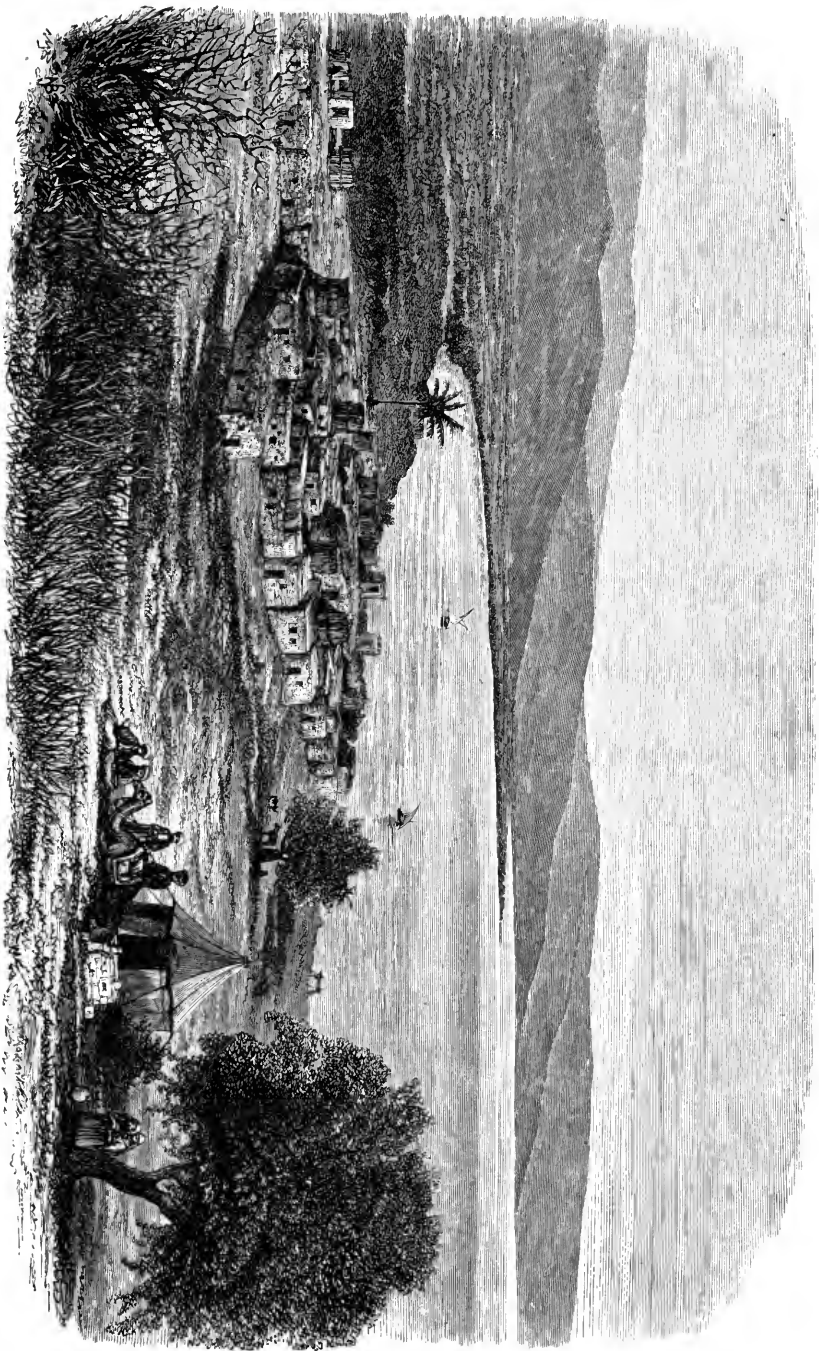
IV.

THE DEPUTATION OF 1884.

BY JAMES WELLS, D.D.

IN February 1884, Dr. Torrance and myself were sent to Palestine by the Jewish Committee to discover the best sphere for a new Medical Mission to the Jews. We were accompanied by Dr. Laidlaw, the then superintendent of the Glasgow Medical Mission, and by Dr. Vartan of Nazareth, the representative of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. We recommended that Tiberias should be the central station, and that a branch station should be planted somewhere among the hills of Northern Galilee.

Though we did not know it at the time, we were substantially repeating the recommendation made by M'Cheyne and Andrew Bonar forty-five years before, in 1839. In their famous "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews" (30th thousand, p. 284), they say: "Thus our last evening in Saphet came to a close. We could not help desiring that the time



MAGDALA—NOW MEJDEL, FOUR MILES FROM TIBERIAS.

(Nearly all the Magdalenes have received benefit from the Tiberias Hospital.)

would come when our beloved church should be permitted to establish a mission here.....A mission established in Galilee would have this great advantage, that the headquarters might be at Saphet in summer.....and at Tiberias in winter, where the cold is scarcely felt.....They [the Jews] have a peculiar love for these two places, being two of their holy cities, and many of their saints being buried near.....If the Spirit of God were poured down upon Saphet, it would become a city that might shine over the whole Jewish world—‘a city set on a hill cannot be hid.’ Such were our feelings upon the spot in 1839.”

Two scenes which I witnessed in Palestine may give the reader some idea of the enormous power of medical missions in that land. In March 1884, our party visited El-Bakeia, an out-of-the-world village among the Galilean hills. It was soon “noised” that three European doctors had come to the village. Words borrowed from the Gospels are best fitted to describe what I then saw. “And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door.” Our parallel experience embraced minute details. It was “at even, when the sun did set;” and “in the morning, rising up a great while before day,” we went out (Mark i. 32, 35); for our stock of



CAPERNAUM.

medicines was exhausted, and we wished to escape from the importunate sick folk. We were in an "upper room," or "loft," or "guest chamber," in the only two-storied house in that quarter; and the people flocked to us, not by the streets, but over the green flat roofs. The whole village was drawn to us as by a magnet. The "divers diseases" seemed to be the very same, and as numerous, as in Christ's day; and the sick as earnestly besought us that we would heal them. We could hardly find either time or room to eat our bread. I actually saw them "bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four" (Mark ii. 4). I felt the slender roof quivering under their tread. Had the healer been in the lower story, they could soon have uncovered the roof and laid the patient at the healer's feet. It would have been but the work of a few minutes to repair the damage. The daily life of the great Healer was at that hour under my eyes with more than stereoscopic distinctness; and very great was the joy of the surprise. I felt that my comrades were giving these bigoted Galileans the only exhibition of Christ's gospel which as yet they either care for or can comprehend. What an admirable way of ringing the bell, and creating the welcoming mood in the hearers! What a splendid object-lesson on the genius of the gospel!

In 1891 (when again in Palestine on the errands of this mission), in company with Mr. Christie, our teacher at Safed, Dr. Saadeh, our medical missionary, and his dispenser, we made a missionary circuit through the highland villages which our Saviour used to visit from Capernaum. We were thus both *on* and *in* His very footsteps, healing the sick and preaching the gospel. We came to Jish, the Giscala of Josephus, and the home of the Zealots, so famed in the Jewish war. We there found the past in the present, and warm with the full breath of life; the great gospel scenes lived before our very eyes. The Greek church was thrown open to us, and in a few minutes the doctor had about one hundred and fifty patients. Mr. Christie gave an Arabic Gospel to every boy who could read. The favoured boys were greatly delighted with their prize. Each of them gathered an admiring circle under a leafy tree, and with wonderful animation recited the words of life, which, very probably, Christ had spoken to their ancestors on that very spot. The joyful sound echoed through the whole village. An American in our party took me aside, and said with emotion, "I never expected to see a sight like this on earth. I now understand the life of Christ as I never understood it before. With an agency like this you could soon carry

the gospel to every inhabitant of Galilee. I promise you that I shall do all I can to support such missions."

There was keen competition for the honour of entertaining us. We spent the evening as the guests of the sheik of Yarōn, the Iron of Joshua. His salutation was, "Peace be unto you. I give you a thousand welcomes." His grandson had been in our school at Safed, and right glad was he to have a real healer under his roof. His patriarchal household numbered about fifty souls, and, along with his favourite Arab mare and one-day-old foal, were all under the same roof with us. The doctor conducted family worship in Arabic.

The medical missionary in Palestine to-day wields such a power as has seldom been granted to men since the days of Christ. The natives have little faith in their own physicians. They believe that medical science is the offspring and heritage of the Christians, and they expect cures to come to them supernaturally through one who is a representative of God. They believe that all the good angels accompany the true healers, whom they call "the people of blessing." They reverence the mysterious doctor almost as a god, and expect him to work veritable miracles. Some even call him "the great physician," and he soon gains a

reputation wonderfully like Christ's. "His fame is spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee." They pray for him while he is applying his remedies. And he is to them a great miracle-worker when contrasted with their own pretenders to medicine. They appeal to him to cure old age, and to give not eyesalve only, but eyesight to the blind, and will not be said nay. Sometimes the dying cling to the doctor, and implore him to save them. The belief still lingers among them that their sick are possessed by evil spirits. As with the wise men from the east, their very superstition may pave the way for the true faith. At least, it offers a most hopeful point of contact to the Christian missionary. These facts show that we can scarcely exaggerate the possibilities of a mission like ours, when wisely conducted, and supported by the intercessions of the faithful.

Our Tiberias Mission may easily be used as an excellent Bible Expositor and Educator, especially for the young. It tends to give them a full persuasion of reality, and a happy home-feeling concerning the gospel narratives; it helps wonderfully to verify and vivify the sacred page; it brings the great Healer very near, and sheds an incandescent light upon His daily life. Such an experience is greatly needed among us. Lecturers on Palestine can tell the most amusing

stories about some of their hearers, otherwise intelligent, who have been astounded to find that people could to-day visit the very places mentioned in the Bible. They had secretly concluded that all these spots had long ago been taken up into the floor of heaven, and that they could not see them till after death. Their strange rediscovery of Bible sites has given some a shock of surprise which has deeply affected their Christian life. If the Holy Land be as a fifth gospel, an intelligent sympathy with medical missions in Palestine should bring us something like a sixth gospel.

Our Tiberias hospital is a wonder and a joy to the Galileans when in sickness. In contrast with their squalid huts and tents, its sweetness and cleanness, its pervading atmosphere of Christian love in that loveless land, its power to bless, and its abundance, seem to them scarcely to belong to this world. Under its roof they feel as if they were in the Paradise of God. To them it is a real Bethel.

Our Galilee Mission brings now, as in the days of Christ's flesh, "the double cure" within reach of the suffering thousands in Galilee, in Decapolis, and from beyond Jordan. We hope that it will also, by God's blessing, revive the religion of Christ in its earthly cradle, which, for many centuries, has also been its grave. In any case, our beautiful and com-

modious mission buildings—quite as good as any between Dan and Beersheba—are an impressive monument to the Great Physician. They are also a memorial of Christian faith, and a token that we are not forgetful of our Saviour's twofold command, "Heal the sick that are therein; and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

V.

THE PLANTING OF THE MISSION IN 1885.

BY D. W. TORRANCE, M.B., C.M.

I N 1884, I was appointed by the Free Church of Scotland to work as a medical missionary amongst Jews and others around the Sea of Galilee. My first months were spent with Dr. Vartan of Nazareth. He had been in the country since about 1860, and being the only medical man in Northern Palestine, he had often been called to minister to the sick in Tiberias. His services were gratefully appreciated; and it was through his influence that I was able to rent a house from one of the chief rabbis, and so to establish myself as the first resident missionary at the Sea of Galilee.

I had been well warned regarding the unhealthiness of the place,* and the fanatical nature of the inhabitants, Jewish and

* The deaths that have taken place in the mission circle have not been due to any special condition of Tiberias. Apart from the intense heat in summer, Tiberias is as healthy as most Eastern towns, and quite bearable by Europeans, except during the three or four hottest months.—D. W. T.



TIBERIAS.

Moslem ; but the needs of the place appealed to me in a way that I could not resist. Crowds soon came and besought me to heal them and their sick friends ; but when they understood that I was a Christian missionary, and commended to them Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah and as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, their indignation was roused, and they determined to rid their *holy* town of this

“deceiver of the people.” The rabbi who had let me the house was denounced in the Hebrew newspapers, and he tried to get me to leave. Once when very ill I was taken by night by Dr. Vartan to Nazareth. I soon recovered, but a report that I had *died* was spread in Tiberias by some of the Jews, evidencing what they hoped or anticipated. “Cherems” or bans of excommunication from the synagogue on any who, whether sick or not, visited the missionary were publicly proclaimed from the various synagogues. The “haluka,” or alms from Europe, etc., would not be distributed amongst any who disobeyed the order of the rabbis; and so for a time the mission was boycotted by the Jews.

There were, however, Moslems and a few Greek Catholic Christians in Tiberias who continued attending the dispensary, and in many cases they were greatly benefited. So some sick Jews, and especially some Jewesses with sick children, braved the bans of the rabbis, and sought the aid of the Christian doctor. Now was the critical time; but the devotion of the mothers to their children proved strongest, and the bans began gradually to be forgotten, though now and then there would be a fresh outburst of opposition. Very gradually the opposition was overcome, and on passing through the streets grateful patients would take off their hats, children would run

to kiss the doctor's hand, and many would entreat him to step aside and see their sick ones.

One of the Jewish rabbis had been specially bitter and stubborn in his opposition, but it was removed in the following way. His daughter-in-law got somewhat disturbed in mind, and she was taken to the great synagogue of Rabbi Meir, near the warm baths of Tiberias. There she was kept within the iron railing around the tomb of the late wonder-working rabbi, that his good spirit might drive out the evil spirit that was in her. Her husband grew tired of this procedure, as there were no signs of improvement, and he sought my advice. Rational treatment restored the poor woman to a sound mind.

Some time later the rabbi himself fell ill with an inflamed sore throat. He would not deign to send for me; but one morning, when he was almost suffocating, his son (whose wife had formerly been my patient) rushed into my house, and frantically besought me to come to his father. I was able to give him immediate relief, for which he has never ceased to be grateful, and, as far as I know, he has never since opposed the medical mission.

Great difficulty and discomfort were experienced in working in native hired houses. Tiberias, from its low position (682

feet *below* sea-level), is excessively hot, and has the reputation of being the seat of the "king of the fleas!" Most probably every Eastern town has such a king of its own. Unfortunately there were other discomforts than vermin of various kinds and occasional snakes. Worst of all, perhaps, were the insanitary odours all around.

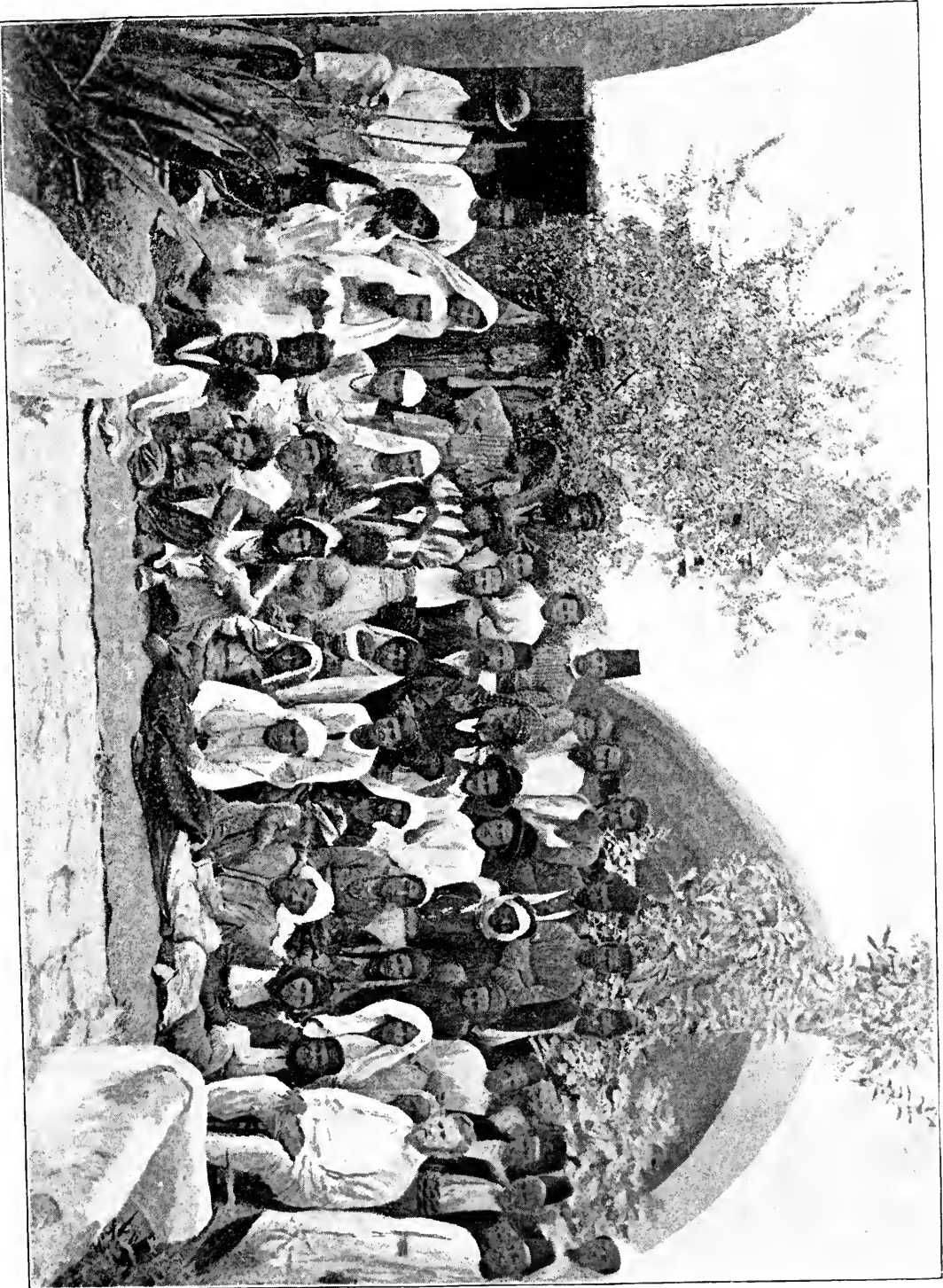
The only suitable site for mission buildings was to the north of the town, adjoining the boundary wall. It was owned by the mufti, the religious head of the Moslems. We had coveted it from the first time we visited Tiberias; but to have asked for it would probably have been to lose it, considering the opposition of the government to all foreigners, and especially to missionaries. After waiting a few years, the owner, becoming a friend, offered to sell it, and we bought it for £60. Very great difficulty was experienced in obtaining title-deeds, and before receiving them an understanding had to be signed that there would not be erected on the ground either a hospital, school, or church without express permission from the Sublime Porte. Again, when receiving local permission to erect the two dwelling-houses that now adorn the plot, another undertaking had to be signed that they would not be converted into either churches, schools, or hospitals, or any other building for which sanction is previously required from Constantinople.

In 1890, the first mission house was occupied by the Rev. William Ewing, who in 1888 joined me as clerical colleague, the second or medical missionary's house being occupied in 1892.

Meanwhile, a kind of hospital work was being carried on in a native house, where serious cases, especially those requiring operative treatment, were attended to. It began in this way : I had already frequently performed operations, and allowed the patients to sleep on the floor in the waiting-room, so as to be under my constant supervision. One day there was brought to the waiting-room a poor Moslem woman from a distant village, who was suffering from a diseased bone in her leg. The smell was so offensive that she was obliged by the other patients to wait in the court outside. The painful part had been cauterized by native practitioners, and was now gangrenous. I informed her that it would need daily attention for a long time, and advised her to get a lodging in town, where I would visit her. An hour or two after, the poor woman returned exhausted, carried on the back of her mother, and begged to be allowed to lie and die at peace under a low archway in the dispensary court. She had sought in vain for a lodging. Even in the khans, or stables, she was not allowed to remain, on account of the smell from her leg. I sent my

Jewish servant, who was full of sympathy for her, to try to hire a *whole* room, in which I might place her. We got one from the chief rabbi, who had been my patient; and here, after an operation, the poor woman was tended till she made a good recovery, and left with feelings of gratitude in her heart that no words could express.

In this room (about sixteen feet square, which by an upright and a horizontal partition was divided into three apartments, and hired for ten francs a month), with one Jewish woman as nurse, cook, cleaner, etc., we had our first hospital, containing sometimes as many as eight patients. (A group of some of these patients may be seen in the accompanying picture.) Jews as well as Moslems were treated here; but several required operations that could not be undertaken unless in proper premises, with skilled nursing. Hence I applied to the local governor for advice as to how to procure a firman or permit from the Sublime Porte to erect a proper hospital. He was afraid to have anything to do with the matter, and advised me to apply directly to Constantinople. I visited Constantinople. The application was sent in through the British Embassy, and the petition, some months afterwards, was submitted to the local authorities at Tiberias for their verdict. A new local governor was then in Tiberias; but,

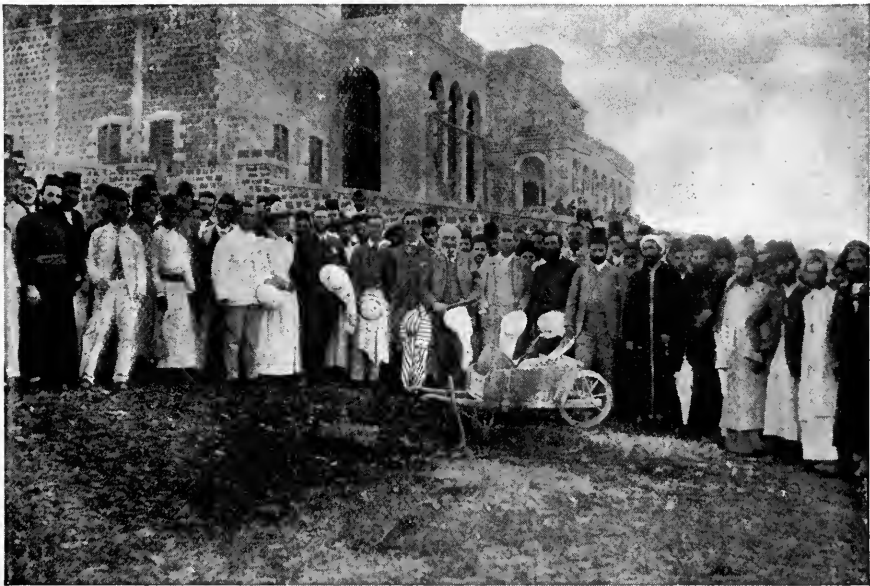


GROUP OF PATIENTS BEFORE THE HOSPITAL WAS BUILT.

fortunately for us, he and several of his predecessors and associates who had been ailing were indebted to us for medical aid. Some native gentlemen, one especially, used their influence with the court, and a favourable reply was returned. The firman was granted, to the astonishment of all who knew the usual delays and difficulties encountered in such matters.

As originally planned, the hospital was to be built on part of the first plot of ground bought. On that site a large sum of money would be required to raise the foundations to the level of the road, but there seemed no alternative. An adjoining piece of land was much more suitable; but there seemed no hope of obtaining it, as it was public ground, and often used by travellers for camping. In God's providence, a high military official, the agent for the Sultan's private property in the district, visited Tiberias, and saw our dwelling-houses so nice and clean and airy. He expressed a desire to build one for himself something like them, and asked if he could have the adjoining piece of ground. It was at once given to him, with the best title-deeds, at a merely nominal sum. While residing in Tiberias he had several times been our patient, and was very friendly. Later on, at a most opportune moment, whether frightened by the extreme heat of summer,

or for other reasons, he gave up the idea of building or living in Tiberias, and offered the ground to us for one hundred Turkish pounds. The title-deeds in our name were placed in our hands several days before we were able to collect the money for payment.



CUTTING THE FIRST SOD FOR THE TIBERIAS HOSPITAL.

The original plans of the hospital were modified to suit the new site in time to be sent to Constantinople and embodied in the firman afterwards issued. Not only had we thus obtained a better site, but the cost of the site was far more

than covered by the saving in the foundations in the new site, as the rock was on the surface, and much material was obtained from a quarry which was opened within the ground.

In the spring of 1893, the ceremony of digging the first sod (or rather, of excavating the first basketful of earth) for the foundations of the hospital was performed by John R. Miller, Esq., of Glasgow, a member of the Jewish Committee, and an intimate friend of the late Dr. Andrew Bonar, so much associated with the beginning of this mission. The governor, who was present, read aloud the firman sanctioning the building in the hearing of the large crowd gathered around. The hospital was erected without a hitch or interruption, in a remarkably short time, and by native workmen superintended by Germans. By the end of 1893, the building was finished.

Thus was erected the first hospital that has ever stood on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Built with such manifest tokens of God's overruling providence, surely He looks down upon the undertaking with approbation, and will bless the efforts of His servants who, striving to walk after the example of their divine Master, "heal the sick, and say, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

The hospital has accommodation for twenty-four beds and six cots. Each bed is named after its supporter.



SEA OF GALILEE HOSPITAL.

Attached to the hospital there is an outdoor or dispensary department, where, on an average, between forty and fifty patients are attended to daily; but sometimes as many as one hundred seek advice in one day. A lady, in memory of her sister, has given £100 for the erection of a room to be used as a shelter for outdoor patients who come from a distance and require to remain overnight.

The heat in Tiberias during summer being excessive, the hospital will be closed during the hottest months; but it is hoped that the dispensary department will be kept open all the year round, with the help of a native medical assistant.

In summer the missionaries work in Safed, which is over three thousand feet above the lake, where there is a branch station, with boys' and girls' schools, and a medical mission under a native assistant, who is a graduate in medicine of the American Mission College at Beyrout and of Constantinople. Here there is a very large dispensary practice, especially in summer, the population being more than four times that of Tiberias.

Our time is chiefly taken up in attending to those who *come* to the medical mission; but there are many very ill in their homes in the town and in the villages and Arab encampments around the lake who cannot come to us. If they are to be reached at all, we must *go* to them.

The Jewish and Moslem homes are now all open to us for medical and friendly visits, and when religious topics are introduced, as a rule they are listened to with patience and interest.

In the homes of the Jews, and even in their synagogues, which are the only homes many poor Jews have, we have expounded from Moses and the prophets the scriptures concerning Christ as fulfilled in the New Testament, and pressed Him on them for acceptance; but it is almost impossible in the present state of affairs for a Jew to confess Christ openly, unless he is willing to face persecution of the most bitter kind, to leave his kith and kin, and to run the risk of starvation and even death.

On one occasion I was called to see a poor woman at the Moslem village of Fik (Aphék), on the uplands on the other side of the lake. She had previously benefited by treatment at Tiberias, but had had a relapse, and was unable to travel. I arrived late. After partaking of the ordinary family supper of a mess of pottage, I spent an hour or two telling the men and women of the "Good Physician," who used to walk around the lake lying just below them, but of whom they knew nothing. At last, quite exhausted, I begged to be allowed to sleep. A mattress, pillow, and quilt were spread for me on

the floor just where I sat, at the side of a wooden fire, the smoke from which had to escape as best it could from the unglazed window and broken door. I tried to sleep, but it was impossible. The men who were in the room were snoring, and the sheep were quietly chewing their cud, but the poor woman I had specially come to see whiled away the time by talking to the women who were "sitting up" with her.

"Did you hear how he spoke?" she said. "That's how he speaks to the people over in Tiberias. He speaks to the women as if they were men, and they don't regard it a sin to eat such and such things."

She tried to repeat some of the ideas she had gathered at the medical mission and at the girls' school, which she had also visited. She repeated the text, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and showed she had got a grip of what sin, mercy, and a Saviour were. My eyes were filled with tears of joy and gratitude to God that He was apparently blessing our work, and that His word was not returning unto Him void.

On a subsequent occasion I visited some Moslem villages and Arab encampments farther east, and was everywhere well received. One grateful patient, Sheik Hamad, sent and shifted my camp to his village, where he entertained me with his best. He had come to Tiberias with a diseased leg,

fearing that it would never be of any use to him; but he returned home, not only with a useful leg, but with a Bible which he could read, and a hunger after the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

At our camp we found him still eager to learn more. He took us to the mosque, that we might exhibit the magic-lantern to the people; but although he seemed greatly looked up to by the people as one of the chiefs, we deemed it more prudent to have the meeting in the large guest-room of the place. When the meeting was closed, Sheik Hamad said that I had missed out certain portions of the life of Joseph, which I had exhibited. This was an evidence to me that he had been reading his Bible, which I had marked at several places, and I told him *he* must tell the people the whole story. I learned that he had often read from his Bible to a crowd of astonished hearers. He is not far from the kingdom, but, humanly speaking, it would be impossible for him to profess Christianity and live in the land. He would likely get, unawares, a cup of coffee with a little arsenic in it, and die what would be called a "natural death."

Our medical mission is opening the door for the gospel among both Jews and Moslems.

VI.

THE HISTORY OF THE HOSPITAL.

BY GEORGE WILSON, M.A., M.B., C.M.

I. DESCRIPTION OF THE HOSPITAL.

WE read on more than one occasion that Jesus came down from Nazareth to Capernaum. As He reached the edge of the plateau, and began to descend towards the lake, He would get a glimpse of the beautiful city of Tiberias away to His right, with its stately buildings, its towers, and walls. The most outstanding feature of the scene would be the two heights overlooking the town—that on the west crowned by Herod's palace, while on the north his massive castle presided over the city.

To-day the traveller may traverse many of the paths that Jesus trod. He may, like Him, descend from Nazareth to the lake. But on reaching the brow of the hill, and looking down on the blue waters of the lake, with the little modern town



HOSPITAL, DOCTOR'S HOUSE, AND MANSE.

of Tiberias nestling on its shore, what arrest the eye are the beautiful Mission Buildings of the Free Church of Scotland.

These are three in number. The farthest out from the town, and close to the old city wall, is that occupied by our clerical missionary, Mr. Soutar. In the centre is Dr. Torrance's house. The one nearest the town is the hospital.

The main entrance to the hospital grounds is on the south side, next the town. The hospital itself fronts the lake. It is an oblong, grey-stone building, with tiled roof. At the southern end of the building is a spacious out-patient waiting-room—cool, light, and many-windowed. The white walls are relieved by Arabic and Hebrew texts and pictures illustrative of the Prodigal Son, Blind Bartimæus, Christ Walking on the Sea, etc.

The rooms on the northern ground-floor have been set apart for the staff. The hospital sitting-room, which faces the lake, opens on a pillared and arched veranda and open balcony. Along the edge of this runs a row of flowers. In front of the sitting-room windows a row of trees—lemon, apple, orange—has been planted, which will in a year or two afford grateful shade, and greatly add to the beauty of the hospital.

Ascending the stairs, and turning to the right, we enter

the male ward. This contains eight beds and two cots. At one end of the ward is a picture of Moses lifting up the Serpent in the Wilderness, while at the other is a representation of the Conversion of Paul. Other pictures illustrate Daniel in the Den of Lions, Jesus saving Peter when Sinking in the Waves, etc. There are also several texts painted on cloth by Mrs. Torrance in Hebrew, and Arabic, and English.

Next to the male ward are two small rooms, one for the male attendant, and the other fitted up with two beds for private patients.

The northern part of the building is occupied by the female ward. In this ward there are eight beds and four cots. The side windows look across to the upper end of the lake and to snowy Hermon. On the wall opposite the door is a handsome memorial tablet with the inscription :—

**MRS. BARBARA NICOLSON OR MILNE,
WIDOW OF
THE REVEREND JOHN MILNE,**

FOR MANY YEARS A FAITHFUL MINISTER OF CHRIST AT PERTH, SCOTLAND, AND CALCUTTA, IN INDIA, BEQUEATHED A SUM FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF THE CAUSE OF CHRIST, ESPECIALLY AMONG THE JEWS. HER TRUSTEES HAVE DEVOTED £1,000 OF THIS SUM TO THE BUILDING OF THIS WARD.

1892.

Above this a portrait of Queen Victoria testifies to the national loyalty of the mission.

The pictures in this ward include those of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, Little Samuel, Christ and the Woman of Samaria. But what has called forth the greatest interest and sympathy is a representation of the Raising of the Widow's Son at Nain.

Walking from the one ward to the other, we pass through a large open "leewan" or veranda, shady and airy, and greatly appreciated by the patients, especially in the extreme heat of summer.

Opening off the leewan, and midway between the two wards, is the central ward—set apart chiefly for Moslem patients. It is provided with four beds, and on the walls are several pictures, the most noticeable of which represents Abraham and his son Isaac proceeding to the place of sacrifice.

Under the ground veranda is a capacious cistern, so that there is an independent water supply. On the southern wall of the hospital, above the balcony of the male ward, is hung the hospital bell, a gift from Mr. Winter of Carnoustie.

The hospital leewan commands a very fine view of the town and lake. In front, the mission property extends down

to the water's edge ; and on it are three beautiful palms, the finest in the district. Close to the water is part of the old city wall, with a fine old ruined tower at each end. One of these towers belongs to the mission. Dancing on the water, about fifty yards from the shore, fastened to a buoy, is the *Clyde*, a fine little cutter sent out from Glasgow, the gift



OLD TOWER AT TIBERIAS.

of friends there. Away to the right are the Greek convent, the Mohammedan mosque, and the town stretching along the shore ; while still farther to the right, and about a mile beyond the town, are the famous Hot Baths of Tiberias. Right opposite, on the other side of the lake, is the rugged gorge of Gamala, the site of one of the strongest Jewish fortresses finally taken by Titus ; while on the sky-line is Aphek, where Benhadad and his Syrians were defeated by Ahab.

Farther to the left (still on the opposite side) is the valley of Gergesa; and about midway between Gamala and Gergesa



THE MISSION BOAT "CLYDE."
A Gift from the Yachtsmen on the Clyde.

is the steep place down which the herd of swine ran violently into the sea and were drowned. Looking to the left, we can

see, at the head of the lake, the plain where Christ is supposed to have fed the five thousand. Farther round, toward us, is a white house marking the site of Capernaum; and nearer us still can be made out the site of Bethsaida; while in the north, towering above all, is the splendid, snow-capped ridge of Hermon.

II. THE OPENING OF THE HOSPITAL.

The hospital was formally opened on January 1, 1894. Towards the end of the previous week, Dr. Torrance sent out invitations to the rabbis and leading Jews (Ashkenazim and Sephardim), to the Latin monk, to the Greek priest and Greek Catholic priest, and to all the Turkish officials. The invitations to the Jews were in Hebrew, and were beautifully written by the Jewish scribe. Those to the officials were in Arabic, and invited them to the opening of the "Hospital of the Scottish Evangelical Church in Tiberias," which had been erected "under the shadow of His Majesty the Sultan."

When New-Year's morning arrived, it was dull and cloudy and rainy, and we had many forebodings. In this country, if it rains, no one ventures abroad if he can help it. However, we went on with our preparations, and our fears were disappointed. Mrs. Torrance and her helpers decorated the



THE FIRST HOSPITAL STAFF.

Dr. Wilson.	Miss Donaldson.
Dr. Torrance.	Miss Huber.
	Mrs. Torrance.

wards and upper balcony nicely with palm branches. Here and there were fastened olive and orange branches, with the

fruit clustering among the leaves, while pots of plants, lilies, etc., were tastefully arranged about the balcony. On the side of the hospital next the town was displayed a Turkish flag, while other two hung from the front balcony. Over the staircase was suspended the word "Welcome" in English and Arabic. The seats for the guests were arranged in the open balcony upstairs; while in a frame over the central door, in front of the chairs set for the officials, was the Turkish firman for the hospital, with the royal signature and seal.

The hour fixed for the opening was three o'clock (ten o'clock Turkish time). About the first to arrive was the Greek Catholic priest, in his black robes and high, square, black headpiece. He came about half-past two, and proceeded to pry about. He seemed to be in rather a touchy frame of mind. About three o'clock the leading Sephardim Jews arrived, and were received by Dr. Torrance in our sitting-room; then they were conducted upstairs and assigned seats on the right of the balcony. Some of them were grey-headed, patriarchal-looking old Jews, with long grizzly beards. About half-past three the arrival of the government party was announced. At their head came the governor, a black-bearded, pleasant-looking man, dressed in black, with a red fez. He had his throat well muffled up, as he was invalided and con-

fined to the house, but came out on this occasion to show his respect for Dr. Torrance, whose patient he was. Close behind the governor came the kadi, or judge, in his long black robe and white turban. Accompanying him was the mufti, who is a sort of official Turkish ecclesiastic, also distinguished by a white turban. These and the rest of the officials were conducted to chairs facing Dr. Torrance and the firman. As soon as they were seated, we sang a hymn of praise in Arabic.

Then Dr. Torrance rose and said that Christ had enjoined His followers to go into all the world and heal the sick and preach the gospel. In obedience to that command, this hospital had been erected. He was sure they would all agree with him that there was but one God; and if one God, surely we should all be one people. The best way for us to be one people is by loving each other and helping each other; and when can this be done better than in time of sickness? He had to thank the Sultan and the government for their gracious assistance in granting a firman. He would now call upon Mr. Soutar to lead us in prayer; and though they would not understand his words, they would understand the feelings of his heart, which would be those of praise and thankfulness to God.

Mr. Soutar then prayed shortly in English. Then Dr. Torrance rose again, and said he would now request the governor, as the representative of the Sultan, to open the male ward.

The governor at once rose with a very pleased expression, and was presented with the key on a little salver. He was conducted to the door of the ward by Niccola Effendi, an influential Greek merchant, and a warm friend of the mission. He unlocked the door and threw it open, and then returned to his seat and sat down again with an unmistakable smile of gratification on his face.

Mrs. Torrance then performed a similar duty with respect to the female ward. Then the whole audience rose, and while the Turks stood with heads bowed and hands raised, the mufti solemnly repeated the official prayer to God (Allah) for the Sultan, closing with a few words of prayer for the hospital.

Then some speeches were delivered, beginning in each case with praise of the Sultan, and going on to speak in glowing terms of Dr. Torrance, and of "the good Scottish charitable association," and of "the splendid hospital of which they had heard, but which they now saw with their own eyes," etc., etc.

Tea, coffee, and cake were then handed round, and the proceedings terminated with an inspection of the wards.

The governor and his followers seemed much interested and pleased with all they saw. They went off in the greatest good-humour, well pleased with themselves and everybody else. Then Dr. Torrance conducted several of the Jewish rabbis (Sephardim) round the premises, after which they and the rest of the company departed with universal expressions of good-will.

The Latin monk did not put in an appearance for personal reasons, though he is quite friendly, excusing himself on the ground of ill-health.

III. METHODS OF WORK.

At an early hour patients may be seen wending their way towards the hospital. Entering the out-patient room, they make for the dispenser's window. Here they are each provided with a card bearing their name and number. By the possession of these cards—for which a very small nominal charge is made—they become out-patients of the hospital. The dispenser then makes out prescription papers corresponding to the cards, and these he sets aside for the use of the doctor.

At a fixed hour the hospital bell is tolled, and half an hour later a second bell announces that the time for giving in names is over. By this time the waiting-room is usually pretty full.

Inside there is a motley gathering, some on the floor, some on benches; mothers squatting with their infants; here and there a small child crawling about on all-fours; Fellaheen from the surrounding country, or Bedouins from the desert, with their black "kafeeyahs" (head-dresses) and their coarse camel's-hair "abbas;" black-turbaned Jews with their beards and side-curls; Jewesses with their heads and brows carefully covered; Arabs of different kinds from the town; sometimes a Turkish official mixing with the rest;—in short, a small assembly of "all sorts and conditions of men."

As the missionary enters, there is a lull in the general conversation. Strangers look curiously at the "hakim Ingleese" (English doctor), of whom they have heard, or at the "khasees" (pastor).

After a passage of Scripture has been read, it is followed by a short address, which is probably interrupted from time to time by questions or comments. Anything of the nature of a story at once arrests the attention, and Arabs and Jews alike listen with great interest.

After a short prayer, the doctor retires into his consulting-room, and the patients are shown in one by one, in the order in which they have given in their names.

Half of the patients speak Arabic only, but a large number of the Jews converse in a sort of massacred German known as "jargon."

Where practicable, a small charge is made for medicine, as what is paid for is always most valued.

More serious cases are admitted into the hospital after arrangements have been made through the dispenser.

While dispensary work is being carried on, the Scripture reader is present in the waiting-room, reading or conversing with the patients.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are reserved for special cases and operations.

For the indoor hospital work the doctor is assisted by the matron or lady superintendent, a native nurse, and a Jewish male nurse.

Ward visits are made in the morning before the dispensary begins, in the forenoon, and in the evening.

In the afternoons a visit is paid to the hospital by the Scripture reader.

On Sabbath morning an Arabic service is held in the out-

patient room at ten o'clock, and is attended by the members of the mission, by the patients and their friends, and by a number from the town. Benches and chairs are arranged for them, and rugs are spread on the floor for those who prefer it.

The patients are specially dressed for the occasion. (For this the dressing-gowns sent out from Scotland have proved most useful; the demand, however, is rather in excess of the supply.)

Those of the patients who can be moved, but are unable to walk, are carried downstairs and laid on the mats and rugs prepared for them. The grouping of the patients and their friends, and the variety of costume, give quite an Oriental picturesqueness to the scene. This service is very popular with the patients. They look forward to it, and often specially ask to be allowed to go down to it. They enjoy the singing of the hymns. The discourse is listened to with great attention, and is afterwards well discussed and talked over amongst themselves.

IV. INSIDE THE WARDS.

The first case admitted into the wards proved a happy augury of the success of hospital work in overcoming enmity and opposition. In the spring of 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Christie were attacked and robbed at a little village on their way from

Safed to Nazareth. Our first patient was from this same village. His name was Yakoob. He was brought to the hospital in a state of great emaciation, with one of his legs ulcerated and gangrenous. He was accompanied by a starved,



GROUP OF HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

The two male attendants (Mayer and Isaac) on the left of the picture, and two Arab nurses on the right. Marcus Boruch, the old man next Isaac (see page 75). Chave Bruche (see page 80), second from the left in front. Yakoob, the centre figure of the three sitting in the background.

undergrown little brother called Ibrahim. Though the hospital was as yet unfinished, they were in such a state of utter misery and destitution that Dr. Torrance admitted them both.

Though at first it seemed almost hopeless to think of saving the limb, after many weeks of good feeding and careful nursing the huge ulcer at last began to assume a healing aspect. The little brother was pulled safely through a very severe attack of pneumonia; and by the time they left the hospital they were both so plump as to be almost unrecognizable. If this were Dr. Barnardo's hospital, he would have taken a photo on admission and another on departure, and said, "Look on this picture and on that!" One thing is certain, that if any of us should happen to be benighted at the village of Arrabeh, and should be recognized as coming from the hospital at Tiberias, we should run little risk of attack or robbery, and our reception would be characterized by a different kind of warmth from that accorded to our Safed friends on the previous occasion.

In order that the visitor may get an idea of what sort of patients we have in our hospital, we shall take a walk through the wards. As we approach the door of the male ward, we suddenly hear a ripple of laughter from within. The cause is not far to seek. As we enter, another quaint remark from the bed behind the door again brings a smile to every face. Looking round, we find a grey-haired, feeble-looking old man sitting up in bed with a merry twinkle in his eyes. As we turn to speak to him, he seizes our hand and kisses it affec-

tionately. "How is it, Elias," the doctor asks him, "that you are always so bright?" Back comes the answer at once, "Praise the Lord! the times are good." What is his story? Some weeks ago he was journeying from Jerusalem. When



DOCTOR AND NURSES AT WORK IN THE MALE WARD.

passing near Nablous (the ancient Shechem), he fell amongst thieves. They stripped him, wounded him most brutally with their iron-spiked clubs, and departed, leaving him half dead. He lay unconscious for nearly a whole day. Then by chance some men came where he was, and took pity on him, and put

him on an ass and brought him to Nazareth. From there he was brought down to Tiberias, and set down at our hospital gate. One leg was so smashed and gangrenous that it had to be amputated, and it was doubtful whether the old man would pull through. However, he slowly recovered. Though very feeble, and anxious about his return to his distant home in Aleppo, he has been a constant source of cheerfulness in the ward, keeping all the other patients amused by his droll remarks. How many of us in similar circumstances in Scotland would have such a spirit of cheerfulness and contentment, and be able to praise the Lord that "the times were good"?

Leaving Elias, our attention is next caught by a fine-looking old man. His long white beard and side curls and type of features are unmistakably Jewish. His face lights up, and he stretches out his hand as we walk towards him. This is Marcus Boruch,* a Roumanian Jew from the town. He is very frail, and suffering from a very trying and chronic lung complaint. After being only a few hours in the hospital, he announced that he already felt "a thousand days better." His gratitude for everything that is done for him, and his constant desire to help with the others in every way he can, are a great encouragement and stimulus to doctor and nurses alike.

* See Illustration, page 72.

In one of the beds opposite is a fair-haired, intelligent-looking Jew. He has been in delicate health for some time, but is now gaining strength every day. Since his admission he seems to have taken stock of everything. What seems to impress him greatly is the contrast between his experience at his own home, where, when he was ill, sometimes no one came near him for days, and his treatment in this Christian hospital, where he is cared for in every way. He brought in with him a well-thumbed Torah, with the Hebrew and Chaldaic in parallel columns. This, however, was soon laid aside in favour of a copy of a Gospel in Hebrew. He sleeps badly at night, and if we were to enter the ward about midnight we would probably find him lying with his head towards the light poring over the German and Arabic versions of the New Testament, and comparing them carefully. One night when the doctor was making a ward visit, Shamweel was asked what he was reading. He at once began to read aloud most earnestly the first chapter of Matthew's Gospel. Several patients—Jews and others—gathered round and listened intently as he went on to read, "And thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." This was read and listened to without the slightest murmur of dissent.

As we leave the male ward, we are arrested by angry shouts from the neighbouring room. Looking in we find Isaac (the male nurse) vainly endeavouring to give needed medicine or food to a man stretched on a shake-down on the floor. For every kindly attempt he is rewarded by a volley of curses. The wretched man is a native of Tripoli. He is dying, and has been brought to the Christian hospital. Everything possible has been done for him, yet he has never expressed one word of gratitude. In such a case there is little to encourage except the words and example of the Master who, in spite of continued opposition and ingratitude, went about continually doing good, and even gave His life for those who reviled Him.

Fortunately such cases are rare, and the scene is changed as we enter the middle ward. The occupant of the first bed sits up as we approach. His swarthy countenance, piercing dark eyes, and long coil of black hair proclaim him a genuine child of the desert. This is Derwish, the son of a well-to-do Bedouin chief in the Hauran. As he seizes our hand, he calls down blessings on our head. It is now a few weeks since he arrived at our out-patient dispensary. He had been suffering for a long time, and all treatment had been unavailing. He was admitted into the hospital, and Dr. Torrance performed

an operation, which was necessarily followed by a considerable amount of pain. While he was still suffering considerably, and before it could be known whether the operation was to be successful or not, his father and three brothers came to visit him. They made a most picturesque group—fine stalwart fellows in their Arab dress, with swords and huge pistols in their belts. When the father saw the care that was being bestowed on his son, he stepped forward, and grasping the coverlet of the bed, said earnestly, “This shows love and fear of God.” Then the four sat down by the side of Derwish’s bed, and listened with the greatest interest and attention, every now and then nodding their heads in approval, while Dr. Torrance related to them one of Christ’s parables. Before leaving, the father presented the doctor with three gold Turkish liras (in addition to two given previously), and expressed the hope that he would visit them in their own home, and saying also that they would be delighted to receive any of his friends, even if a hundred came. At night, as I was going my rounds, Derwish produced other two gold liras as a further token of gratitude, explaining that one was for the “sitt” (“the lady”—that is, Miss Donaldson). When I remarked that neither I nor the “sitt” took money for ourselves, but that it would help to make others well,

Derwish looked up and then said reverently, "May Allah grant it!"

In the bed opposite Derwish, lies an old grizzly-bearded man. The green sash round his turban proclaims him a descendant of the "prophet." Inside the hospital, however, there is little fanaticism, and his homely rugged face exhibits nothing but kindness and satisfaction as he holds out his arm for inspection. When he came into the hospital he was nearly despairing—in bad health, and his hand gangrenous. After the amputation, the stump has healed beautifully. The old man is greatly delighted with the result. As the wound is rapidly healing, he will soon be leaving for his distant village. He will take home a glowing account of the hospital, and we shall soon have more patients from the same quarter.

We must, however, hurry on, and have a peep into the female ward. This is usually not quite so crowded as the other ward, and our attention is caught as we enter by the sweet bright face of a young woman in the first bed. This is Baashe, a Jewess. She suffers great pain from chronic rheumatism. She is quite unable to walk, and has been on this account divorced by her husband and thrown aside as useless. Though her fingers also are affected, she is able to occupy her time with a little rough painting and sewing;

and she always has a smile on her face as we enter the ward.

A frequent inmate of the ward is Chave Bruche (see page 72), a gentle, little Jewish lassie. She suffers from



A HOSPITAL PET.

complicated heart disease. Her case is hopeless, but she is admitted from time to time to get toned up a little. Her prospects are dreary enough; and it is one of the few pleasures

of her life to be allowed to spend a week or a fortnight in the hospital.

Any visitors from home when they enter the ward are usually impressed with the nice, wrinkled, old (women) patients and the children. We are quite proud of our baby patients. They are usually as good as gold, and never cry except from dire necessity. A little picture of one of them is found on page 80. This is Mohammed ibn Derwish. He was quite a pet. He had great black eyes, and was willing to make friends with any one. Dr. Torrance removed a tumour from his head. The operation was an anxious one, but the tiny patient made a splendid recovery, and a few days later was carried off in triumph by his delighted father.



THE HOSPITAL PET LEAVING FOR HOME
AFTER RECOVERY.

We have only mentioned a few cases out of many. We trust that the influence of the hospital will extend much further

than mere medical or surgical results. We cannot see far below the surface, but we have every reason to hope much. The Jew is hidden from the outside world under the mask of a fossilized Judaism. We can see his outward conduct hedged in on every hand by rabbinical laws; but what his inmost thoughts are, who can tell?

The lights are low in our hospital ward. It is long past midnight. On one of the beds a Jew lies dying. He has only a few minutes to live. As the nurse hangs over him and whispers the name of Jesus in his ear, the dying man opens his eyes. Raising his head he glances round the ward. Not till he has made sure that all are wrapped in slumber do his lips move, and under his breath come the words, "I am trusting in the Lord Jesus. I am a Christian in heart." While he tries to tell how he had received a New Testament, and there learned to know Christ as his Messiah, his breath fails, and his spirit flies to meet the Saviour whom he had trusted, though trusted only timidly and secretly "for fear of the Jews."

May God grant that in our hospital many a Nicodemus may receive grace and strength to confess Christ, not only secretly at death, but openly in life!

There is great reason for thankfulness and encouragement

in the work at Tiberias. The members of the mission have to a large extent won the affections of the people.

A few months ago, when one of the mission circle was lying apparently at death's door, the most kindly inquiries and offers of assistance came in from all quarters. One day the news was brought up to the hospital that the Jews in the town were praying for us! One pious Jewess spent her Sabbath interceding for the recovery of the "Herr Doctor," and keeping her Scriptures open before her on her knee, in the hope that in this way her prayer would have special efficacy! God's spirit of love is not less powerful to-day than it was in the same regions and amongst the same people eighteen hundred years ago. Let us go forward in faith and hope, and we may rest assured that love will conquer in the end.

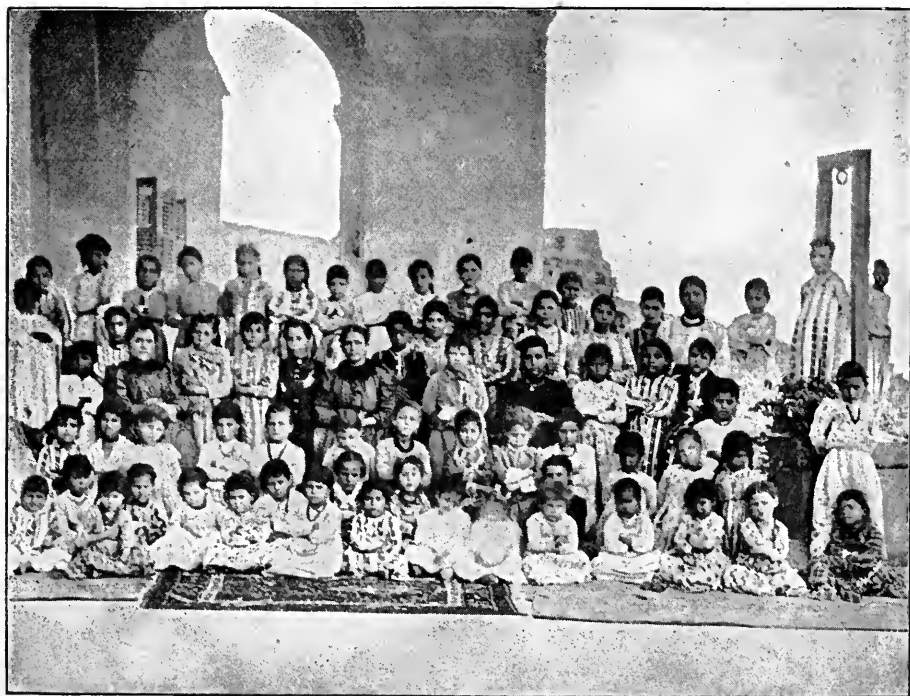
VII.

THE OTHER AGENCIES.

BY JAMES WELLS, D.D.

THE Rev. John Soutar, M.A., is the ordained missionary at Tiberias, and the Rev. J. E. Thomson, B.D., at Safed. The Rev. W. Ewing, B.D., was the first ordained missionary at Tiberias. Some young Jews in Safed have moved Christwards, but they have paused on the threshold of decision. A Jewish teacher made profession of conversion, but he quailed under terrible persecution. A promising youth of the holy city of Safed has, however, been baptized in the holy city of Tiberias—the first Jew, it is said, who has been baptized on the shores of the Sea of Galilee during the last fifteen centuries. He has encountered a hailstorm of anathemas from the rabbis, and received many tokens of eager interest and good-will from his companions. We have had reason to believe that several young Jews might confess Christ if a good example were once set them.

There is divine service on Sabbath in English and Arabic both at Tiberias and Safed. There is also a German service on Wednesday evening at Safed for German-speaking Jews.



THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT TIBERIAS, 1893.

Our missionaries at Tiberias are assisted by a native Scripture reader. A Bible depot has also been established at Tiberias.

During the past year, Dr. Torrance has been assisted by Dr. George Wilson, who volunteered for the work, and who

accepted only a fraction of the usual salary of a European medical missionary. Two trained nurses have been appointed to the hospital. Dr. George Wilson has again offered his services, and has been appointed to Safed.

A pleasing proof of the influence of our mission has just come to our knowledge. In June last, Mr. Soutar was travelling on the east of the Jordan, where reaving and be-reaving are still, as in Job's day, the common lot of the Ishmaelites. The party met a band of raiders. One of the robbers had been at our hospital, and at once recognized his friends. He made kindly inquiries about Dr. Torrance, and promised to fetch his girl to the school at Tiberias in autumn.

Day schools and Sabbath schools for both boys and girls have been established at Tiberias and Safed. About one hundred Jewesses attend the Tiberias day-school. Mr. Christie, our missionary teacher at Safed, has been specially encouraged by some of his senior scholars. The girls' schools have hitherto been supported by the Glasgow Ladies' Society, who appointed Miss Fenton as their first teacher. They are now under the charge of the Women's Jewish Missionary Association. These schools have formed an epoch in the history of the women around the Sea of Galilee. When the schools began, only one native woman in Tiberias knew the alphabet, and not

one girl could read or distinguish between the top and the bottom of a page. The schools are doing not a little "to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide their feet into the way of peace."

Co-operation is one of the watchwords of this mission.



OUR SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS AT TIBERIAS, 1894.

Mr. Soutar is supported by the United Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson are members of the same church, and they have volunteered to go out as unsalaried agents of our committee. Mrs. Thomson is to devote herself to the work among the girls. Thus, of the five European agents of the

mission, apart from the nurses, three are representatives of the United Presbyterian Church. The Convener and the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of that church are members of our Jewish Committee, and take part in its deliberations. Dr. Torrance is called "The Charles Russell Missionary," because his salary is provided by a former elder of the Presbyterian Church of Australia, in memory of a beloved son. In several other ways besides these, the cradle of Christianity has become the nursery of Christian co-operation.

Ours is the only Protestant mission on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The nearest Protestant mission stations on the west are at Nazareth, Safed, and Damascus; and eastward, one would require to travel to Mesopotamia before he could find any permanent evangelical mission.

Many tender associations have already gathered around this mission. Several wards in the hospital are associated with the memory of loved ones whom God has called home. One is called "The Milne Ward," in memory of the late Rev. John Milne of Perth and Mrs. Milne. Several of the beds and cots keep alive a well-beloved name. We are hopeful that the whole hospital may ere long be entirely supported by memorial donations. The yearly upkeep of a bed is £20; of a cot, £10. Each bed and cot has painted over it the name

of the congregation, family, friend, or friends by whom it is supported. Some of the natives at first believed or pretended to believe, and wished others to believe, that the hospital had



THE "WILSON" COT.

been built by their great father, the Sultan, and should be set down to the credit of Islamism. But these beautiful superscriptions remove that mistake; and, in a land where backsheesh and utter selfishness reign, they also convince the

people that many Christians among the Gentiles and Giaours are ready, for Christ's sake, to help them without fee or reward. Every part of the hospital has thus an evangelistic value, and indeed the whole building embodies in stone the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Ground has recently been purchased at Safed, and the committee contemplate an extension of the mission there as soon as funds are supplied. The cost of the ground will absorb nearly all the money that has as yet been volunteered. One of the mission buildings is to be a memorial of the late Mrs. Findlay of Glasgow. A mother in Dundee, in memory of her daughter, has entrusted to us a considerable sum to be used either at Tiberias or at Safed.

Our committee is urged to acquire land, and begin a farm with a Scottish overseer. We are told that it might soon be self-supporting. It has also been suggested that we might teach the young Jews useful trades, by which they might support themselves. There is a strong feeling, however, that this should not be the direct work of the mission; but that business men who are friends of Israel might form a company like the African Lakes Company, though on a much smaller scale. They would thus render an invaluable service to the cause of Jewish evangelization in the Holy Land. We

commend this to the earnest laymen in the church, in the hope that it may lead to some practical result; for unless work is found for them, Jewish converts in Palestine must beg or starve.

Our mission is thus many-sided, and aims at touching the Jew at every point of his life. While it regards the Jew as a first charge on our liberality, it offers healing of soul and body to all who are willing to receive it. By this mission, were it fully developed, we might soon evangelize all the districts in Galilee which were visited by our Lord in the days of His flesh.

There is "a sepulchre in the garden" of our Tiberias mission.* In it our missionaries have had to dig more than one "new tomb." The bodies of Mrs. Torrance and Mrs. Ewing; of Miss Huber, the assistant nurse; of Dr. Torrance's twin boys; of Mr. Ewing's infant girl; and of Mr. Christie's infant boy—these seven rest in that little "God's acre." The possession of Abraham's burying-place among the Hittites in the land of Canaan was held by the Jews to give them a valid claim to, and a firm hold on, the Promised Land. We have now a similar pathetic connection with the land of Galilee—an earnest, may we not hope, of a better possession?

* As to the healthiness of the climate, see Dr. Torrance's footnote on page 40.

VIII.

MEMORIAL GIFTS TO THE SEA OF GALILEE MISSION.

THE Editors regret that the space at their disposal does not allow them to give a full list of all the donations to the mission, especially as many of the smaller donations are exceptionally interesting. They have had to confine the list to memorial donations to the buildings, and for the upkeep of the beds and cots in the hospital, and to sums not under £50, or £10 a year. The permanent support of only a small number of the beds and cots has as yet been promised or provided for.

Memorial donations may be devoted to the building or endowment of a mission hospital at Safed, to the support of the medical missionary at Safed or the assistant medical missionary at Tiberias, to the support of the two European nurses at Tiberias, to the building or maintenance of the mission

MEMORIAL GIFTS TO THE SEA OF GALILEE MISSION. 93

schools, or to the upkeep of a bed or cot in the Tiberias Hospital.

MEMORIAL GIFTS.

Thomas Russell, Esq., towards the support of the "Charles Russell Missionary" at Tiberias (yearly).....	£300	0	0
Legacy by the Widow of the Rev. John Milne of Perth, to endow the "Milne Ward" in the Tiberias Hospital.....	1,000	0	0
The Glasgow Ladies' Association, towards the "Findlay Memorial" at Safed.....	439	2	11
Mrs. Fleming, Dundee, towards the "Edith Fleming Memorial" at Safed or Tiberias.....	400	0	0
In memory of a dear Sister, for the erection of a Shelter in connection with the Medical Mission Hospital.....	100	0	0

FOR BEDS AND COTS.

	YEARLY.	PAID.
Dr. and Mrs. Torrance.....	—	£10 0 0
Mrs. A. B. Macfarlane, Gourrock.....	—	10 0 0
Three Friends, for "Stevenson Bed," through Dr. Wells.....	£20 0 0	60 0 0
Mrs. M'Fie, Airds.....	20 0 0	40 0 0
Free West Church, Glasgow.....	20 0 0	60 0 0
New Year's Gift.....	—	20 0 0
"And He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick"—through Rev. Dr. Reith....	—	20 0 0
Finnieston Church, Glasgow, for "Finnieston Bed"....	20 0 0	60 0 0
Barclay Church, Edinburgh, through Rev. Dr. Wilson :—		
Miss Deuchar and Miss Weir, for "Deuchar-Weir Cot".....	10 0 0	30 0 0
For "Daisy Cot," by a Member of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh.....	10 0 0	30 0 0

94 MEMORIAL GIFTS TO THE SEA OF GALILEE MISSION.

	YEARLY.			PAID.		
For "Wilson Cot".....	£10	0	0	£20	0	0
Two Friends, towards endowment of the "Alexander Wood Bed".....	—			100	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Van Millingen, for the "Douglas Millingen Cot".....	10	0	0	20	0	0
Free St. James's, Edinburgh, for "Wardie Bed".....	24	0	0	48	0	0
Pollokshields Free Church—Jubilee Offering—for "Pollokshields Bed".....	—			250	0	0
Pollokshields Free Church Sabbath Schools, for Cot, etc.....	—			123	8	11
Pollokshields Free Church, 1895.....	—			20	0	0
Per Rev. A. C. Fullarton, in <i>three</i> yearly payments.....	—			69	11	0
Doncaster Street Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, Glasgow.....	—			10	0	0
D. G. T., for a Bed for ten years.....	—			200	0	0
E. and M. C., Free St. George's, Edinburgh.....	10	0	0	20	0	0
George Cowan, Esq., Edinburgh.....	—			10	0	0
Charles Forman, Esq., Bearsden, for "Hilda and Bertie Cot".....	—			10	0	0
Free High Inverness S.S.....	—			10	0	0
Tayside, Perth.....	10	0	0	20	0	0
Claremont U.P. Church, Glasgow.....	—			28	2	6
"Ian Orr Cot".....	—			10	0	0
Alexander Watt, Esq., Glasgow, for Bed.....	—			20	0	0
Free Anderston, Glasgow, for Bed.....	—			20	0	0
Miss Louisa M. Townsend, Wimbledon, for Bed.....	—			20	0	0

For the support of the whole Hospital a sum of not less than £750 a year is required.



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